

The New Student

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Aesthete '27

Dartmouth Aesthetes Have Discarded the Green Carnation

ACCORDING to rumors, the virile, knock 'em down, sweatshirted college man is being supplanted by a languishing lily out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

Dartmouth has been overwhelmed by these mauve decadents, complains Mr. Percy Marks, erstwhile Dartmouth instructor, author of *The Plastic Age, Which Way Parnassus?* The sheep-like collegians carry this new fad to an obnoxious extreme, he deplores, as they did the virile pose. In a letter to *The Dartmouth* Mr. Marks calls for an unabashed return to the now-despised enthusiasms of "college spirit", which the aesthetes have put away as childish things.

Aesthetes and Aesthetes

There are aesthetes and aesthetes, replies E. M. Benson '27 in another letter to *The Dartmouth*. Mr. Marks, he insists, has failed to get the distinction between the two types of aesthetes—good and bad.

"Mr. Percy Marks, in a recent letter to *The Dartmouth*, showed a considerable lack of information. He knew well the sweatshirt era. Less well does he know the desultory reign of the aesthete. That the aesthete can and has been an eye-sore is gingerly admitted. But that there are two entirely different types of aesthetes Mr. Percy Marks does not admit. One type looks into the mirror of life and only sees his own image. He 'clicks' with a group that is sympathetic to him and showers him with praise. He, in return for such consideration, pours out the same amount of soothing syrup to his friends. They walk together, drink together, eat together, and settle the world's problems together. They are the cosmos. They banter clichés with the fluency a shrew might employ to belabor a henpecked husband. They read Ronald Firbank and Jean Cocteau, and most of them despise Dickens and Thackeray. Mr. Percy Marks' criticism only has validity, if referred to this assortment of intellectuals.

"Men on the campus have been led to judge all aestheticism by the past antics of the aesthete of circumscribed vision. This species is almost a dead letter at Dartmouth. The dainty youths of yester-year coddled themselves into the grave.

The New Aestheticism

"Those days are behind us. The students who are now interested in aesthetics are less flippant and more intellectually dependable. Their love of knowledge persuades them to seek it in every nook and corner. They are not intolerant of those who can not see things as they do. The basic values of beauty and truth are not maltreated at their hands. They enjoy a good football game as much as a good book. They are not out to save the college from the bowwows. Refusing to be bamboozled

Again, the Fundamentalists

The late William Jennings Bryan's soul goes marching on in the crusade of fundamentalists against evolution. Fireworks of oratory flash in the sky, Eastern and Western, and rumblings are to be heard of cannons being wheeled into position for valiant assaults on legislators.

Kansas is once more battleground for a Cause. Robert H. Kingman, professor of Zoology of Washburn College predicts in the *Washburn Review* that at the next State Legislature a bill will be introduced to prohibit the teaching of evolution in the state schools, including grade, high schools and state colleges.

At Dartmouth and Harvard, John Roach Straton, "Fundamentalist Pope", recently delivered anti-evolution speeches, while Dr. W. B. Riley delivered the first of a series of anti-evolution lectures at the University of Minnesota, from whose campus he was barred last winter.

South Dakota Troubles

When two South Dakota colleges refused to train debaters to oppose Prohibition the McNary Haugen relief bill was brought forward as a substitute by the state forensic association. Dakota Wesleyan University and Northern State Teachers College refused to debate Prohibition, the latter declaring the subject "verges on repudiation of the Constitution". (Based on an erroneous press dispatch *The New Student*, November 17, located these two colleges in North Dakota. We hasten to re-arrange our geography.—Ed.)

Two colleges—Yankton and Huron—are not in sympathy with this change. The Huron Alpha Omega "looks with disfavor" on the refusal to argue the Eighteenth Amendment.

into traditional criteria makes them stronger than the generation which preceded them.

"Dartmouth is not the hot-bed of ninnies it is cracked up to be. Students do not walk about town with tiger lilies between their teeth and green carnations pinned to their jackets. Nor has honest emotion given up its soul to the gods, as a single editorial of *The Dartmouth* might make one believe. There is just as much real emotion now as there ever was; only it is not contaminated by ancestral balderdash and inoculations of loud-mouthed patriotism.

"If Mr. Percy Marks took less stock in the gossip of his professional friends, and did not restrict his visits solely to the Hanover Inn he might have a better idea of what Dartmouth is really like."

Vacation

Because of the Christmas vacation there will be only two more issues of *The New Student* in December. The first issue for 1927 will be dated January 5.

Parley

An Educational Week-End at Connecticut Wesleyan

AN ex-president of Reed College, a militant bishop, three professors, known for their concern with modern educational needs and a poet of the first rank: these will constitute the leaders of Connecticut Wesleyan's third annual Parley on Education, December 3, 4, and 5.

During the three conference days the following program of addresses will be adhered to. The addresses will be liberally interspersed with informal discussions.

"An Evaluation of American Colleges," by William T. Foster, director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. Under Dr. Foster's presidency Reed College became a laboratory for educational experiment, rivalling Amherst under Meiklejohn and Clark under G. Stanley Hall.

What Do They Really Want?

"What Do Students Really Want?" by George A. Coe. Professor Coe is widely known as the author of *What Ails Our Youth?*

"The College Man's Philosophy of Life," by Boyd H. Bode, who taught philosophy at the Universities of Wisconsin and Illinois. Since 1921 Professor Bode has been Professor of Education at Ohio State University. "He insists that we have been so engrossed in the effectiveness of the machinery of education that we have neglected the important task of its ends."

"Intercollegiate Athletics," by Ernest H. Wilkins. Dean Wilkins, as chairman of the American Association of University Professors, submitted, this year, to that body the report of a committee investigating methods of increasing the intellectual interest and raising the intellectual standards of undergraduates. As might be expected this report dealt extensively with the athletic situation.

Robert Frost to Speak

"The Manumitted Student," by Robert Frost, will be of particular importance because Mr. Frost does not believe in the common rules, regulations and apron strings of college pedagogics. Mr. Frost won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1924. He is author of *North of Boston* and *New Hampshire*.

"The College Education and Industry," by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, author of the 1919 Steel Strike Report.

During the Parley Wesleyan will entertain student representatives from other colleges. There will be no charge for this entertainment. Special arrangements also may be made for members of faculties. Persons interested in attending may write Harvey Gram, President of the Senior Class, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

The New Student

Editors, Douglas P. Haskell, Norman Studer, George D. Pratt, Jr.; Business Manager, Beatrice Cohen.

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December 1, 1926

A Golden Opportunity

(From the Cornell Sun.)

MUCH has been said, and is now being said, for and against the complex intellectual and social phenomenon which has been gripping American university life. The rapid rise of many families during and immediately after the World War to a position in life where it was possible—and fashionable—to send the scion of the house to college, coupled with the unusual demand—imagined as well as real—for university graduates has placed institutions of higher education in a dilemma from which it will be difficult to escape.

On the one hand, educational authorities are faced by this enormous influx of students seeking a sheepskin, yet to a large extent caring little for "culture" in any of its connotations. On the other hand, they are faced by the expansion of the curriculum to such an extent that in one mid-western university it has been estimated that it would take 102 years for a student to take the courses offered by the university.

This task of intellectual habilitation requires progressive leaders of thought, determined in their efforts, daring in their ideas. Harvard, with its tutorial system, may be showing the way to universities. Rollins College, in Florida, with its non-lecture, all study arrangement may be showing the way to colleges. At any rate, along with others, they are experimenting, which is a healthy sign in any institution of advancement.

The resignation of President Olds at Amherst presents that college with an opportunity for blazing a much-needed trail into the vale of learning. A new executive, young in his outlook, may help through his work at Amherst to achieve a small, well-balanced college, fresh in its philosophy of education—a modern monastery of intellectual cultivation—an institution that this country lacks and needs.

Portrait of a Professor

Precise and just gentility protruded
Into his classroom self, and he appeared
A man from whom all warmth had been excluded,

A scholar who must be admired and feared.
Bleak honesty in thinking had evoked
An air of the severest concentration;
The sympathetic weaknesses were choked
In him, it seemed, by force of cerebration.

He seemed so. Well he hid the tortured man
Whose delicacy would have served him well
In intimacies if he had been bolder.
Laughter was his imaginary ban.
How sad no connoisseur knew the spell
Would break if he were clapped upon a
shoulder!

—Rufus Terral.

Cambridge Labor Club

"The conventional thing for students entering Cambridge to do is to join the Conservative Club; the unconventional thing, is to join the Labor or Liberal Club," said A. L. Hutchinson of the Cambridge Debating Team in an address before the newly formed Labor Club of McGill University. Hutchinson gave the following description of the Club, which is lifted from the McGill Daily:

The Labor Club of Cambridge grew out of a branch of the Fabian Society which existed at the University before the war, stated Mr. Hutchinson. Ben Keiling may be named as the organizer, and in this connection there is an interesting story. Keir Hardie who was invited to address the club was banned from Cambridge. Keiling dressed up as Hardie and arrived at the station. On alighting he was mobbed. In the meantime Hardie was holding the meeting.

After the war the Fabian Society failed and the Labor Club was formed. In this reorganized club dons and many prominent students enrolled. Throughout the war the student of English universities became interested in Labor and the point of view of the workman. The leading Socialists of the country were invited to address the club. The custom of having teas every Sunday at which labor topics were discussed was evolved.

"At the regular meeting of the club we would have some prominent man address us," said the speaker. "Sometimes we would have a Communist." On one occasion Saklatvala was invited. He was shadowed but got off at a small station while someone else went to Cambridge as a decoy. This person met a very hostile crowd but the real meeting was being held in a drawing room in London.

Some of the members of the Labor Club are Socialists, some Communists and some Liberal Laborites. In time of general elections the club supported the Labor candidates and gets in touch with trade unionists all round.

The Trade Union Council have a council once a month and the Cambridge Labor Club is represented. It also sends a representative to the University Labor Conference. This conference connects all the Socialists in the Universities. There is propaganda spread at the beginning of the year to attract freshmen. The club is an integral part of the general labor movement, it was stressed.

The constitution of the club is simple. There is a committee elected each term composed of a chairman and a secretary. This committee arranges the policy and program of the club. The club also does practical work such as giving financial assistance to the miners.

An excellent feature of the English system, the speaker noted, was the close connection between academic socialism and practical affairs. The theoretical economists have a profound influence on the government. In America this is unfortunately absent.

The Labor Club of Cambridge has about 250 members. There is a small subscription of five shillings a year and the membership is open to anyone. Students joining the Conservative Club are required to sign an oath of faithfulness to the party. Members of the Labor Club are not required any such thing.

WINDMILL

Gratified users proclaim the Reserve Officers Training Corps good for everything from producing Lionel Strongforts to preparing for the "privilege of citizenship". And now the Windmill discovers, per Ouachita Signal, Ouachita College, Arkansas, that this collegiate training is excellent preparation for the ministry. "During the recent inspection of the local R. O. T. C. unit," we quote from the O. S.,—"Colonel Dockerty discussed the R. O. T. C. with reference to its material value to ministerial students. More time is devoted to the subject of leadership than any other subject during the R. O. T. C. course. Colonel Dockerty emphasized the fact that a successful minister is of necessity a good leader." Jesus Christ, no doubt, being the first R. O. T. C. member.

Upon carefully re-examining Col. Dockerty's syllogism the Windmill recommends the R. O. T. C. as excellent training for students of logic.

The Royal Blurb

Queen Marie Says:

"How charming and lovely," when she was presented with a corsage given by the Women's Club.

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For God, for Country and for Centenary College!

The pre-Armistice parade staged by the students of Centenary College on Wednesday, November 10, was more than successful in carrying out the plans of the president and advisory board of the local institution. Besides being a display of the large number of both boys and girls who have matriculated during the current term, the parade served to emphasize the national holiday, the decisive victory of the football squad over the invading squad from Central Teachers College at Edmond, Oklahoma, and the outstanding need of equipment for the further progress of the college. — From The Conglomerate (Centenary College).

Even Peace Hath Her Honors:

President Walter Dill Scott will personally, decorate the company sponsors at the cadet ball Thanksgiving, according to Harold Grant, chairman of the ball committee for Scabbard and Blade.

The insignia presented to the four young ladies will vary according to their respective rank. Miss Marion Springer will receive a gold leaf as honorary battalion major. Silver double bars will evidence the honorary captaincy of Miss Marjory Strassen, company A; Miss Loretta Kincald, company B; and Miss Alice Danielson, company C. These sponsors will be escorted to the ball by the commanders of their respective units. — From the Daily Northwestern (Northwestern Univ.)

R. O. T. C.

Armistice

Several weeks after Armistice Day, the returns are all in on how college students observed that holiday. The reports vary from the usual round of Fourth of July rhetoric to more or less profound meditations on past wars and rumors of wars to come.

The Little Parade

Youthful soldiers from scores of colleges—collegiate soldiers to whom the Great War was a Big Parade seen through a high school window—marched and counter-marched in smart array.

At the University of Maine:

"The R. O. T. C. unit with the snappy university band was a big and colorful feature of the Armistice Day parade in Bangor last Thursday...."

At the University of California:

"A blast of martial music from two military bands, followed by the tramp of two thousand khaki and navy blue clad students and war veterans will herald the opening of the Berkeley and University official Armistice Day program at 11 o'clock tomorrow."

At the University of Florida:

"As a part of the Armistice Day celebration held in Gainesville the University of Florida band and regiment of R. O. T. C. held one of the most extensive and picturesque parades which has ever trod the streets of the University City.

"Led by the seventy-five piece band which is considered the outstanding University musical organization in the South, the regiment approximately 1,000 strong, marched in a long column of platoons to the east steps of the courthouse where the main program in celebration of the day was held...."

Irony

The two men who cut the names of University of Missouri men who died in the World War, in the Memorial Tower, are both natives of Germany, and the younger man served four years in the army of the former Kaiser.

"Yes," said Carl Kesterman, "I fought for Germany in the war, but I do not believe I fought against these boys whose names I am cutting...."—From the Columbia Missourian.

"The Menace"

In Honolulu a college publication took occasion to reflect, on the eighth anniversary of the end of a War to End War, on "The Menace of American Militarism".

Believing that "one of the supreme issues facing the present generation is the issue of war", the Ka Leo O Hawaii (University of Hawaii) devotes a lengthy editorial to the "spirit of militarism" whose tentacles are "reaching deeper and deeper into our national life".

The last war fostered a feverish worship of things military. Taking advantage of this, the military of this country have come to assume a leadership in our civil and political life which was never meant for them. It is a dangerous thing to allow the military to assume unto itself the "business of educating the social and political mind of America. The military tell us to beware of this, and beware

of that, and beware of everything else under the sun that isn't labeled American. We say to America, beware of the military! Here is a real menace to our nation, and not a foe conjectured out of the imagination. The military may have the sincerest of good intentions regarding the security of this nation, but the very nature of their program threatens the safety of the country."

The Collegian (Upper Iowa University) declared "we need to spend more time in the study of the reasons and results of the Great War". The editorial cast doubt on the popular conception of Germany's "sole responsibility".

STUDENT RULE

More Power To Students

Ambitious student executives at the University of Minnesota will probably take over the work of trying student misdemeanors.

A student court will do this work if the wishes of E. E. Nicholson, dean of student affairs, are carried out. The All-University Council, it is proposed, will take over this work, acting, possibly, in conjunction with members of the administration.

The students are unwilling to take over this responsibility at present. The Council deemed necessary certain changes in the machinery before this added duty could be taken over.

"Has Come to Stay"

Yale Graduates who wonder why the University does not bring student law-breakers to the carpet are told by the Alumni Weekly that this task lies now within the province of the student government which, "has come to stay".

"Weak-Kneed"

"One more," complains the Daily Northwestern, "the Student Council passed the buck".

"The Council," says The Daily, "knowing that the President of the Athletic Association is ineligible, blissfully blinked its eyes and voted to ignore the ineligibility until some definite action should be taken by the administration.

"Under all the rules of Northwestern, the President of the Athletic Association has been ineligible for the past three weeks. This fact was known to officers of the Council, yet the matter was never officially brought to the Council's attention until this week.

"Every effort has been made to hush the matter, so as to permit the man in question to hold his job in the athletic department, despite the fact that his scholastic standing has been so low that faculty members say there's no chance for him to come back.

"In other words, activities and athletics again have been considered by the students more important than scholarship and academic standards.

"It is not too much to say that the Student Council has sold out the student body. It is the duty of the Student Council to pass on all eligibility. In this case, the group of leaders passed quickly and quietly. It is said in so many words that it would not void the position that the President of the Athletic Association now holds.

"If the decision made by the Council this week is a precedent, then any student who is declared ineligible by the Administration can continue his activities, hold all manner of honorary jobs, and thumb his nose at class room standards...."

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The Hazards of Free Thought

THE muckrakers with their peculiar naivete have tried to show how the crafty hand of the "vested interests" is ever active, consciously controlling the words and actions of teachers. By heaping instance upon instance of overt tampering with freedom of teaching they seek to prove how education is used to promulgate the views of a powerful societal group; but somehow they leave vast gaps of professorial subservience and timidity unaccounted for. In the end we feel that something is quite wrong with the academic picture they paint.

There is a more telling approach: through a study of the multitude of pressures, psychological, and sociological, that cause thinking to swerve on a bias. There are novels that have demonstrated this very effectively through character study. Professor, by Stanley Johnson and Arrowsmith by Sinclair Lewis come to the mind as instances. *Free Thought and the Social Sciences** is another excellent study of how knowledge is bent to serve prejudices and special interests.

An objective point of view in the social sciences is extremely difficult of attainment. As Hobson remarks, "Religion, group loyalty, or patriotism, property, the family, and certain concepts of personal morality not merely surround themselves with taboos; but emit passionate fumes to blind the sight and confuse the brain of timorous scrutineers". Fumes in the form of economic, sex, national, racial, class and personal interests arise to becloud the eye that seeks, to see things as they really are.

Not often is it necessary for the authority to wave the bludgeon over the head of the scientist. His own weaknesses are his undoing.

Those who hold the purse-strings have little need of using crude methods of control, Hobson reminds us. "The governors and the teaching faculty will meet them more than half-way in their demand for safe teaching in all subjects where unsafe teaching might cause offence in rich and influential quarters. In making these concessions they will not think or feel that they are cramping liberty of thought and utterance. For disturbing thought and teaching, especially in matters that touch practical affairs, will seem to them unscientific, alike as involving rash departures from attested truths, and as importing heated controversial feeling into the calm atmosphere of study! Under such conditions it is easy to perceive that choice of subjects, teachers, textbooks; modes of teaching, direction and equipment of research, will be subject to a constant moulding by non-scientific pressures. It is not necessary to cite concrete instances of heresy-hunting or other rude interferences with intellectual liberty. The definite fear of losing a teaching post plays but a small part in sterilising the scientific impulse, as compared with the more constant and insidious breathing of this conservative atmosphere. The more blatant illustrations of the maxim that 'He who pays the piper calls the tune' even help

to screen the more delicate manipulations of the 'hidden hand.'"

Having been tempted into a series of quotations the reviewer finds himself at the end of his space with the heart of the book still untouched: To substantiate his thesis Mr. Hobson goes on to show how "disinterested" political economy in England miraculously seemed to shape itself to the needs of an aggressive and growing capitalism. He pauses for a chapter to show how the proletarian opposition threw up their particular theoretical barricade in the battle with the vested interests. Each side looked at the phenomena with "scientific" accuracy and constructed an intellectual framework of economic theory that confirmed its own practical exigencies.

The latter part of the book is devoted to an attempt to elucidate through psychological interpretation some modern problems and to determine the possibilities of free thought in the future.

This is a book that should be in the hands of every learner who questions the official channels of "disinterested" thought and who ambitiously hopes, in his small way to practise "free thought".—N. S.

Jazz and the Social Arts

By GRESHAMITE

In the days when, for my sins, I studied Economic History I was informed by a now forgotten professor that bad money drives out good. Gresham's law always seemed rather silly to me; in my own experience nothing but debts come to replace the good money which evaporates so easily. But in other realms the law is unfortunately only too accurate, particularly in the realm of institutions. One by one the good ones go, one by one they alter for the worse, succumbing to the vulgarity, the 'mobness', the efficiency of our unlovely age. At McGill the smokers have become pep-rallies, the cheering crowds have become rooters, the rattle-shakers have become a band. The last students' meeting opened with the reverential singing of Hail Alma Mater and closed with the McGill yell. And now—the Jazz Tea has come to stay.

Friendly reader, ponder on this extract from the Daily of November 11th—Armistice Day, mind you.

GEOFF SIMPSON

TO ENTERTAIN

AT JAZZ TEA

This afternoon at 4:30 all the cake-eaters in McGill will have a chance to enjoy another jazz tea in the Union Cafeteria.

Geoff Simpson, who has been entertaining at the Capitol during the week will provide entertainment.

So this is McGill!

Time was when tea at the Union provided the badgered student with just that form of intellectual recreation and rest which is the truest expression of a real University life. He met his friends, he sipped his tea, he called Shakespeare a bore, he discussed McGill. No one bothered him, no one interrupted him. Nothing was poured into him (except food and drink). For a brief space in his stuffed existence he was allowed to be an individual, to think for himself, to express himself. Quite clever remarks were sometimes made in the Union between the hours of four and six of an afternoon.

Now...now...now...Dear reader, I cannot

write coherently of what takes place in the Union now.

Brrrrrr...run-ti-tum-ti.....I wanna go home....rattle rattle rattle bangy bang....Shesmybaby....Adda boy Geoff....tum-ti-tum-ti-tum. Masses of students. Every chair and table crowded. No conversation, no wit, only noise, noise, noise. More pumping in from the outside: musical lectures, without the bother of notes. Rum-ti-tum-ti...Hurraaaaaay....Rah Rah Rah....No dancing even, no movement to relieve the bursting senses, no whirling girls about....You sticks, you stones, you worse than senseless things....Masses of students, sitting still, staring at nothing, rum-ti-tum-ti-tum. The mills of God grind slowly, but its not for knowledge that we come to college.....Stepponit Geoff. Noise. Crowds. Cake-eaters. McGill.....

Thank you, gentle reader, I fell better now. But it gives one a bit of a shock, you know, when you've always been rather fond of a cup of tea and a pipe, a book on the table and a friend opposite you. And it makes you wonder whether the Union was given to McGill in order that students might be saved the expense of going to The Capitol.

Autre temps, autre moeurs.

—From the McGill Fortnightly Review.

An Italian House is in process of construction at Columbia University, a French House has long been in operation; and now plans are being considered for a Spanish-American House. Professor Frank Callcott of the Department of Romance Languages announces that the movement is under the direction of the Instituto de las Espanas of Columbia which hopes to establish a common headquarters for its affiliated clubs of which there are now more than two hundred in twenty-eight states.

More of Youth's Opinions

Modern youth is not given to romantic admiration of militarism, according to the Y. M. C. A. questionnaire answered by 50,000 boys and young men the world over. War is generally held to be an "unmitigated evil, growing out of economic greed, wrong views of patriotism, Machiavellianism, imperialism, economic rivalry, tradition, military professionalism and exaggerated teaching of history extolling heroes of past wars". The quotation is from a summary of the Y. M. C. A. findings by Albin E. Johnson in the New York World.

Opposition to war, the summary says, is as often due to religious or moral qualms as to a conviction of the futility of fighting. Little hope is entertained of preventing future wars. "War is inevitable," comes the reply from Sweden, "as long as man is evil".

As to whether there are Christian nations, the replies were often cynical on this point. From Great Britain an answer was "Christian nations are usually stronger and spend a great deal of time robbing Christian Nations".

Wherever race antagonisms are present in the nation, the World's summary says "there is a distinct leaning toward a color line in human relationships as well as international politics in the outlook of the coming generation".

"Youth's Opinions," a news story based on Mr. Johnson's summary, appeared in The New Student, November 17. By mistake credit was not given in this article to the Sunday World, to which we refer all our readers who wish a more complete summary of this interesting survey.—Ed.

* Free Thought and the Social Sciences, by J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

The New Student

[Combined with the Intercollegiate World]

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Announcement: This number has been contracted because the next will be expanded. The January magazine, a special enlarged issue, will take up the topic of "The Student and His Education."

Wednesday, December 1, 1926

Volume 6, No. 10

In Two Sections, Section 2

Price 10 Cents

Here Selfishness and Unselfishness Go Hand in Hand

FOR your benefit we have here gathered together many suggestions for Christmas gifts to yourself, your family and your friends.

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February—"The Philippines".

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Intellectuals!

By KATHERINE FROST

(COLUMBIA U.)

AS I see this human race, it is divided sharply into Intellectuals and Those Not. I am an Intellectual. I doubt if anyone but myself knows it, and I seldom mention the fact. If anyone should ask me how I know it to be a fact, I should raise one eyebrow and gaze at him in pity. Because I do not know. But it does not do to let outsiders realize this ambiguity of entrance requirements to the Intellectuals. Some very forward ones might even assert that they too had read Christopher Morley, and had a Feeling, and were members. That would be appalling, because the group is, and must be, very select.

Being an Intellectual, I feel justified in asserting the supreme right of that body, which is to be superior. I wish to write solely of the Intellectuals. I cannot waste time defining the views of Those Not. They are negligible. This is one of those cases where numbers do not matter. The Intellectuals may be few, but they are select and superior. I shall deal only with them. So, if any of Those Not have perused thus far, I warn them that they will find nothing to inspire them here. It will require an Intellectual, or at least an Apprentice Intellectual, to appreciate this essay.

I find that I rather enjoy inventing classifications. In fact, I am about to make another. Intellectuals may be divided into three groups, the Intellectuals Conservative, the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern, and The Intellectuals, of which I am a member, and which is, as I will not omit to emphasize, of all groups the best.

The Intellectuals Conservative are the tacks in the road before the machine of Intellectualism. The movement progresses headlong, until suddenly one of this group halts the race with a bang. The Intellectuals Conservative consist mainly of college professors of the English department. They uphold the dignity of the Ancients against all comers, especially against their students, and quote Ruskin and Pater with some animation. They deny the existence of the Moderns, and shake their heads over any student who is found reading Edna St. Vincent Millay in preference to Tennyson. If the student is guilty of a second offense, such as Amy Lowell, or Percy MacKaye, and a tentative cure of Matthew Arnold proves ineffective, they label her as beyond redemption. To be thus hopeless means to fail the course. Intellectuals Conservative are enraged by the arguments of the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern. They can think of no arguments in return, so they raise their hands with gasps of horror, and assert their authority as Faculty. When they are in danger of being vanquished, they rap for order and announce hastily but with finality, "We are wandering from the point. We were speaking of Samuel Johnson." So far as possible, they ignore the existence of the Moderns, which is something of an undertaking, inasmuch as their anger proves the presence of some object. They say there are no modern

poets; but they praise in Tennyson the color and life they disparage in the modernist. They say that Amy Lowell is a hodge-podge, and skip the pages where she rivals Wordsworth. They laud the incoherence of Browning, and explain its appearance by his depth of thought; but they are shocked beyond expression at any vagueness in a modern poet, and attribute it to superficiality or an ignorance of the rules of poetry. Such are the ways of the Intellectuals Conservative. I am happy to have had my fling at them, because I rather fear that I am in danger of becoming one.

I really do not need to discuss the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern. They are exactly the opposite. Just as the Intellectuals Conservative deny that the Moderns have any right to be Intellectuals, so these deny that privilege to the Intellectuals Conservative. They are the engine in the machine of Intellectualism, and would go on and on at breakneck speed were it not for obstacles in the way, such as Conservative tacks, or disagreements among themselves, resulting in vexatious knocks in the engine. These Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern consisted first of students who had revolted under the regime of the Conservative College Professor. The only requirements for membership were a solemn vow to read no more Ruskin, no more Pater, no more anything which had been required in the course; and a promise to read immediately everything which had been disparaged by the same professor. Students in Revolt were thus the first members. As time went on, the inevitable came about, and now the group includes Alumnae in Revolt, and those others who revolted not wisely but too well, the Ex-Students. These Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern read continually; in fact, they read more than the Intellectuals Conservative, which is another source of inward rage to that worthy body. Their only stipulation is that their literature be modern. They fairly crowd the doors of the publishing houses to snatch the books as they come from the press. Like the Conservatives who think that everything Ancient is estimable, the new Intellectuals hail everything Modern as praiseworthy. By Modern they mean anything unlike the Ancients from which they revolted. If Shakespeare obeys regular laws of verse, they will have none, but must be free to invent the adequate expression of their ego. If Dickens was sentimental, they must have nothing but stark realism; never mind how far it is removed from the truth, as long as it is not romanticism. If Matthew Arnold has consecutive thought, they must break up their paragraphs by dashes and italics, inserting sentences which have been exploded into bits and set down regardless of order. The Intellectual Thoroughly Modern possesses, or shall I say lacks, discrimination to the same degree as does the Intellectual Conservative. The latter explains all the obscure bits in Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" by disparaging insinuations as to the Modern's ignorance of Wordsworth's philosophy. The Intellectual

Thoroughly Modern reads a new poem, no matter whose; probably her own. Then, raising her eyes to heaven, she recites:

"A moon butting the branches was a blind
Ancestral slice of amber melon rind. . ."

If her listener fails to catch the enthusiasm, he of course has no sense of rhythm, or of sound. He is incapable of poetic appreciation. Such are the ways of the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern. I speak feelingly of the group, because I have been a member, and I know the subtle reactions of a Student in Revolt.

Just at present I favor The Intellectuals. In fact, my patronage is the only reason why they possess that title. I shall admit that for a time I tried to be many things at once. I possessed that strange ideal of being simply An Intellectual. In my childish hopefulness I dreamed that I might harmonize the two conflicting views. But sad experience has made me wise, and I have grown weary of being at once the bumper and the tail light of this Intellectual machine. In despair I decided to become an Intellectual Thoroughly Modern. Now and then, when my friends were not noticing, I assumed a rapt expression, and had Moods. I

performed in this manner once or twice when they were noticing, and the effect was not all that might have been desired. So I abandoned the Moderns, with their Revolts and their Raptures. On the other hand, I have not reached the point of becoming an Intellectual Conservative. I am not yet a college professor. But after my weary struggle to be an Intellectual, I could not abandon the project altogether. So I created for myself a new group, The Intellectuals, which, you will agree, is the most superior group of the superior Intellectuals. Being one of The Intellectuals, I proceed to a vantage point from which I can see both the Intellectuals Conservative and the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern. Then I laugh at both. To be sure, they sometimes assert that I am not an Intellectual at all, because I am not a member of their larger groups. But now that I have recovered from having Moods, their taunts really do not trouble me.

I read what I like; I like what I please. It is rather delightful, that freedom. I dare read Emerson, which the Intellectuals Thoroughly Modern would hardly permit; I may even deride Bacon, which the Conservatives would certainly never countenance.

So I laugh at them both, and they laugh at me, and we are all Intellectuals.

Jefferson at College

"After all," said the fellow cynically disposed, "the whole job of the student is to find the one teacher who exists in every old place. The rest is noise and a gnashing of teeth." Of Jefferson, this seems to have been true. The following story of the education of the founder of the University of Virginia is from the excellent "Jefferson" of Albert Jay Nock. (Harcourt Brace, 1926, \$2.50.)

In the year 1760, Williamsburg was the capital of colonial Virginia. It was a winter rendezvous for the lowland gentry, who set the pitch for a social life that was not without interest, but which, like the plantation-life of the period, has been the subject of an immense amount of exaggeration. The town itself was unattractive, save to those who knew nothing better; and south of Philadelphia there was nothing much better. Williamsburg grew up on the regular pattern of American country towns, in a straggling string of buildings lining each side of a broad road which was unlighted, dusty in summer and muddy in winter, torn and churned by horse-traffic, for there was no such thing as pavement in all Virginia, and no one who had ever seen any. The Capitol stood at one end of this road, and at the other stood the College of William and Mary; while midway the road expanded into a kind of public square, ornamented with a church and some public buildings. . .

The College of William and Mary, named for the sovereigns who had chartered it under the auspices of the Church of England, was the second institution of the higher learning set up on this continent. For the time, it was well endowed. Among its resources of revenue were twenty thousand acres of land, which it held on the odd condition that every year, on the fifth day of March, the president should wait upon the Colonial Governor with two copies of a complimentary address done in Latin verse. The college followed the "grand old fortifying classical curriculum"; that is to say, it offered the student Latin, mathematics, moral philosophy, and a favorable view of the Christian faith as held by the Church of England.

But the institution never did well. Its management was poor, and its instruction worse. The Bishop of London had the spiritual direction of the colony, and he could not always resist the temptation to unload upon Virginia such of his clergy as for one reason or another he thought could best be employed away from home. The same policy often governed his appoint-

ments to professorships at William and Mary. Then too, a certain Mr. Boyle, a pious but rather unimaginative Englishman, had given the college an endowment for evangelizing and educating such Indians as could be induced to go there. A great deal of energy was frittered away on this enterprise, and the general cultural level of the college was kept low by it. Parton remarks with unconscious humor that "if the college had any success with an Indian youth, he was no sooner tamed than he sickened and died". Those who held out, he adds, threw off their clothes at the first glad moment of emancipation from Williamsburg, "and ran whooping into the forest. . ."

In 1760, an oddly-assorted company of four persons drew together at Williamsburg, and remained in close association, helping one another to make what they could of a rather dull life, for the better part of two years. These alien spirits met at dinner at least once a week; and half a century later, one of the group, after a long experience of the best social life in both hemispheres, left record that "at these dinners I have heard more good sense, more rational and philosophical conversations, than in all my life besides". The most significant member of the group is one who has, unfortunately, left the faintest mark on history. The little that is known of him is only enough to make us wish we knew more. This was Dr. William Small, a Scotsman, professor of mathematics at William and Mary. He seems to have been a sort of Abelard in *omne rescibili*, for at one time or another he also taught moral philosophy, rhetoric and literature, and carried on some work in applied science. No one knows what circumstances brought him to the college; but once there, he seems quickly to have had enough of a dissolute, time-serving clergy, or riotous students, and of the prevailing incompetence, indolence and wrangling. In 1762, he went back to England, and became "the great Dr. Small of Birmingham". But there too he left a provokingly slight account of himself. He was a friend of the elder Darwin; there were dark hints against his orthodoxy; and he helped James Watt in developing the steam engine. Probably, as Chateaubriand said of Joubert, he was more interested in perfection than in making a name for himself; at all events his influence seems to have been quite disproportionate to his reputation. Such a man's fascination is that one can never be sure of one's estimate of him, and that he continually raises ques-

(Continued on page 10)

On Keeping One's Head in the University

By WILLIAM APPLEBAUM

THE aim of a university, in addition to offering professional training, should be to cultivate the mind. Unfortunately, our universities are founded upon materialistic ideals; factories where professionals are trained. And with what are these professionals equipped when they leave the universities? They are equipped with a mass of facts and a materialistic moral sense of justice. They are equipped with such weapons that they may best, in a "business" way, outwit those who have not the skill and power resultant from a college professional training.

Now let us look into the camp of the student-body. We have already seen that the average student comes to college to acquire a professional training, and he is sure to get such training if he will only apply himself. Still we find that on the whole the students do not apply themselves and that they are somewhat displeased with the education and type of instruction they receive. Such dissatisfaction is seen very strongly amongst freshmen, and a great deal less so amongst seniors. This is due partly to the fact that the former are not well acquainted with the university, while the latter are. But the dissatisfaction is also due to the lack of the personal touch between the professors and the students. The freshmen, before they acclimate themselves to the campus environment, feel the cold, inhuman, speedy business atmosphere of the university, and it does not, as a rule, appeal to them. At first the students feel an unconscious reaction to the entire university system, but they soon learn to fit themselves into their surroundings. Thus they learn to get along.

However, they soon find out what is what. And so they learn that credits and honor points are the main things which count towards securing the diploma. The students learn that it is considered a greater honor to be on the football team than to be an "A" student. The students realize that the university is but a place of business—this and nothing more. So what they do is quite natural; they employ the business moral sense of justice, and cheat whenever they can. And being dissatisfied, more or less, most students do as little studying as they possibly can and "get by." Then when the finals come, they complain and cram, cram and swear. They overload their brains with excessive doses of facts—facts which they should have learned through the course—and immediately after they hand in the final examination papers, they proceed to forget what they have learned, or rather crammed into their heads. The result is that they actually learn very little.

And in such a manner the years go by, and the students may pick up a few facts, or retain a few which have been shoved down their throats. They receive diplomas certifying that the owners are supposed to be fit to extract teeth, to outwit a smaller man in a law case, or the like. About the deeper and finer things of life they know very little. They know how to make

a living, and they do not care for anything else. What do they care about the political, social, economic, and human problems of life? What do they care about ideals?! They are practical men! A good automobile, a glass of gin, a woman, and a game of poker will fill all their needs!

And so it goes on! When the fall comes, the alumni visit their school, and in order to show their loyalty attend the football games, bet on their team, and cheer with the mad ecstasy of a savage as the heroes make a play. The students go on cramming and complaining. The professors continue to put many students—students who for some reason do not sleep much nights—to sleep with their dry lectures. The fraternities, dances, balls, games, and snake dances continue to remain the current topics of discussion in the mouths of most students. Football heroes are still being worshipped, and girls still continue to come to college in search for husbands.

All this goes to make up the life of the university students, the system of education, and the purpose and aim of our universities. Now, in the face of all the above facts, what should the student who comes to the university with the desire to learn the deeper secrets of happiness do? What should the student who has an individuality do in order to preserve his individuality in this educational mill? Such a student is confronted with a great task. He has to fit himself in with those who come for professional training. He has to fit himself in with those who come for social life. He has to fit himself in with those who come to find husbands. Is it possible for any one to fit himself in with all of these types, and still retain his individuality? No! This is impossible! To fit oneself into a system is to accept that system as good, and do as everyone else in it does. This means death to individuality.

What then can such a student do? There is no complete solution, but he can find compensations. He can do many things. He can keep his eyes and ears open, and learn more through observation and reflection than any teacher can give him. He can find student friends who have views and opinions similar to his. He can try to win the friendship of intelligent and broadminded instructors. A small group of such men and women are always to be found at every university. There is always a group of instructors on every campus who wish to help the student in his search for truth. Such teachers always have something worth while to offer, and it is from them that he can learn things worth more than the knowledge of twenty texts. From the rest of the instructors, who are nothing but an army of comma catchers, dogmatists, or parrots repeating dates and facts, formulae and laws, which they have memorized in the course of decades, the student cannot expect more than "patented" knowledge. Let him take this knowledge and exercise his own reason upon it.

As a result of these contentions it would seem that

there are some things which it would be well for a student to know. And so in conclusion I will say that he should know what the aim of the university is, for what people come to the university and why so, and

what he should do if he wishes to retain and develop his individuality. The result will be that he will find no trouble in keeping his head in college, and above all, his education will be tenfold!

Some Notes on American Universities

By PATRICK MONKHOUSE

(OXFORD DEBATE TEAM)

SOMEONE told me the other day of a young boy who was working his way through college. His job entails his being on duty at night, every night, for nine hours: in the morning he attended his classes, and in the afternoon he slept. I said, "I admit that his conduct is heroic. But how does he learn anything that way? He goes to three classes, you say—that is, does three hours' work a day with a tired brain. What does he know at the end of it all?" The answer was that after four years of attending classes, he would get a degree: and on the strength of that degree, a better job.

The trouble is that employers have not really accepted the value of knowledge, or of culture, or of anything of that sort: they have simply been jockeyed into accepting the value of a degree. While degrees, and not education, are the aim of an university, men will continue to attend universities under conditions which really make it impossible for them to be educated; and universities whose prosperity depends on people wanting degrees without education will continue to give degrees which, except as a record of assiduity, are worthless. I don't deny that a man can educate himself while working. He can do that as well in a rocking chair as in a classroom: possibly much better. But it won't get him a degree.

We in Oxford are often criticised for not "working our way through college." There are plenty of idle men in Oxford, and they get bad degrees: they learn very little. But a man who spent half the day, or more, in working for a living, instead of in racing horses, acting, rowing, or lying in bed, wouldn't learn any more than the idlers do. I don't deny that he would be a more estimable person: but he wouldn't be, any more than they, a scholar. One mustn't confuse the moral with the educational issue. No man has the time both to earn a living and to learn all that an university can teach him. And the next great move in American education will be the recognition that the best college is that whose good degree is the most difficult to obtain.

A paradox. The first step must be a step backwards. Those who have not the time or the money for an university education must realise (educationally speaking) the time or money spent at college is wasted. This looks like an attack on general education. The retort is that the enthusiasm, the talent, and the cash now lavished upon the universities, should be transferred to the high schools, where one is not under the obligation to pay one's way, and where the present low standard almost nullifies such efforts as the universi-

ties now make. I make bold to suggest that the high schools, if taken seriously, are capable of attaining very nearly the standard of many colleges. But while employers are fascinated by a college degree, universities will continue to give, without provocation, degrees of commercial value. A false step must be retraced before higher education becomes, like primary education, free and genuine.

These high schools, now. Time after time, I am assured by members of faculties that the time and energies of the colleges are largely thrown away by the scandalous inefficiency of the high school teaching. "We have to spend two years going over what they're supposed to know when they come here," said one melancholy Dean. "It's just bricks without straw," said another. People are surprised and shocked at our Oxford specialisation. "Don't they give you a general, all-round education?" they say. Why, you have to pass a general all-round examination to get into Oxford at all. You have to show, or to have shown sometime, a good working knowledge of English, French, Latin or Chemistry, Mathematics, and History. If you're not up to standard in these, you can't start. And yet Oxford is said to be easier to enter than are most of the big "provincial" universities—London, Manchester, Sheffield, and so forth. The public schools and grammar schools (that is, roughly, boarding schools and day schools respectively) are obliged to maintain a standard far above that even expected of the high school.

No one can visit an American college without being impressed, or perhaps oppressed, by the display of college spirit. I shouldn't put this down to the American temperament: again, it's a question of antecedents. In the English universities, other than Oxford and Cambridge, there is hardly a collegiate life, and the problem does not arise. At Oxford and Cambridge, the majority of undergraduates have been members of a corporate educational body for eight or nine years before coming up. At the great boarding schools—"the Public Schools"—and before them in the smaller "preparatory" schools, they have become familiar with the corporate life; they have become acclimatised to it gradually and without loss of balance. The University marks, if anything, a reaction toward individualism. But the American freshman finds in college his first raw experience in living as a member of a large body—a body far larger than that into which the English schoolboy was initiated. It goes to his head. Everything is organised to make it go to his head. In case he should come to a sense of proportion, he is kept

up to the top of his bent by pep meetings and football matches. These aren't the devilish conspiracy which they seem. They are merely an expression of the impetus implanted in previous freshmen. The tradition, once broken, might die out entirely. Nobody naturally desires such things. But nobody can stand against the invincible and (or because) impersonal tide.

It may, of course, be defensible, and even admirable. It may be a worthy object to instil into American youth the fervor of Platonic Communism. Only it doesn't do education any good. Even if corporate enthusiasm in-

clined to the most enlightening subjects, it would do education no good. The only thing worth having at an universities is learning to think: and you can't think at the top of your voice. Perhaps it is as well that the pep movement keeps off education. It makes a shambles of football and a limbo of religion. "Are you aware, sir," said a member of the House of Commons, some twenty or thirty years ago, "that English Literature is not taught in English schools?" "Thank God," replied Arthur Balfour, then Minister of Education, "there is at least a subject upon which the English schoolmaster has not laid his blighting hand."

History: Meaning to the Meaningless

Among the thousands of reviews of new books, for very wealth of material the student does not know how to choose. He might almost as well read all the books as all the reviews, and be the better off—or worse. Too, most of the reviews are written for some kind of general audience, either popular or learned. THE NEW STUDENT is going to try something new in the service of the student reader. With the help of the publishers, this paper will choose a limited number of those books which promise to be most important for the student, and will secure its reviewers among those teachers who not only know what to say but also know how to gauge it to the interest of these readers. Not that we believe the student "too immature" for the average treatment of important topics, but rather we believe him interested more than anyone else in the most far-reaching implications of any piece of work. The synopsis which follows, an inadequate summary but of a most important book, is not one of this series (which will begin in the second semester) but is in the same spirit.

. . .

EVEN the age of disillusion believes in its history. "The court of history" is still "the court of last resort," and though the judgments of history, being human, are fallible, we have been hoping to overcome the fallibility by making history a Science with eternal laws. Henry Adams believed such a consummation might be right around the corner. Adams declared his readiness to accept whatever these conclusions of history might dictate, and most men believe that they already know the general meaning of its promise. History is both the record and the proof of evolution, of progress, of advancing freedom, justice and enlightenment; or, even for a prophet of doom like the German Oswald Spengler, history at the very least moves according to a grand plan or set of laws which it is up to us to discover as the scientist discovers his; *there is sense to it*. History is a treasure of knowledge, complete once for all; some of it may go lost in transmission, or it may become mutilated, it may even be adulterated for a time; but true history ever is the same, ever corresponding to a reality.

Against depths of conviction such as these a German critic, writing in 1921, had to maintain his quite revolutionary thesis, that history has never been a science

and never can become one; and that not only the weakness but the full strength of history lies precisely in its being mythological, in its upholding of illusionary ideals.

I. HISTORY AND NATURE

This morning a spider ran over my hand, says Dr. Lessing*; at seven o'clock sharp there fell the first drop of rain, and just a moment ago a blue cloud travelled through the sky. Yet all these undoubted events will never become history: why? Because they make no difference to the fate of nations, states or of important men, still less to such developments as "the spiritual evolution of the race."

History, it is quite clear, does not write everything down. Events are not history in themselves; they are *made* into history by the historian because of human interests, and since these interests choose not only what shall be selected from our limitless life but from what standpoint it shall be related, history is far from being what the naive take it to be, the simple, unadulterated record of nature.

Hunger, need, ambition, enthusiasm, resentment can never shape the writing of natural science as they are bound to shape the course of history. The whole tendency of natural science is in the opposite direction, toward the coolness of mathematics, the realm of logic which admits no concrete causes, whose thinking is timeless, where explanation is never obliged to be argument but exactly coincides with an exact description, where an exact description is a full explanation carrying its own sanction. History contrariwise must stick as closely as possible to raw, first-hand experience, which it is the business of history to try setting down—and in setting down to interpret; there's the rub.

For it is impossible in the nature of man for him to make any statement at all which is not an interpretation; and here, in history, is a topic which concerns his very fate at every point! If history is to be the court of human life, if it is to represent "science," that is, real knowledge about reality, then what a miserable court it is: the witness is judge and the witness is prisoner both at once.

* Theodor Lessing, *Geschichte als Sinngebung des Sinnlosen*; Munich: C. H. Beck.

THE PRISON OF CAUSALITY

People think and talk as if order, reason, logic were normal in the world, and any puncturing of this fabric by miracle, chaos, accident or crime were really abnormal. Yet order and logic are not a direct experience at all, but human tools like the thread by which Ariadne unravelled her way through the labyrinth of irrational life and experience. Logic, the idea of cause and result, is man's shell, his armor against life, in which he lives as inseparably as the oyster in his shell or the snail in his little house. What force could have thrown up such a dam against life? Was it fear, extremity of need, the inevitable need of self-restriction? This happened, because of that, we say; and the other led to still something else; and when a terrible crisis seems to break the thread as in a revolution, famine, plague or a disastrous war, we seek in veritable terror to make sense of it again so that all will seem in order.

Generally in such a crisis, when events have shaped themselves quite independently of men's purposes, the first instinctive action is to find the next best goat to blame for it, as a savage with a toothache knocks down the handiest passerby for his pains.

THE MACHINERY OF "MOTIVES"

Another inadequacy of the history-machine lies in the way in which historical motives are built up by historians. For the ordinary man or even the novelist, it is difficult enough to unravel the complex reasons for the behavior of any single human being; let alone reduce them to *scientific* reality. The attempt usually results in much clattering of psychological machinery and very little recognizable character. Yet historians have no difficulty in ascribing hatred or love to entire peoples! And often the individuals who compose these peoples don't even know they have felt these emotions until years later they are permitted by historians to find it out. Thus for the Englishman, in 1852 every Frenchman was supposedly an enemy to be knocked down on the streets, in 1853 a friend to be kissed; the Russians in 1890 were the heroic rescuers of Europe, in 1900 conspirators against civilization, in 1915 heroes again, and in 1926 perils to the world. The Turks in 1890 were persecuted gentlemen, in 1900 dastardly murderers, in 1910 enlightened reformers, in 1913 wretched tools of Prussia, etc. "Frequently the world has been surprised within twenty-four hours by the news dispatch that two peoples hate each other bitterly, whereas on the previous day the politicians were busily engaged in deciding whether they should hate each other or not."

Moreover, it is absurd to what degree the matter is simplified. The history books abound in statements like these: "All Britain rose in noble anger;" "the call for revenge resounded through all France;" "the United States took up arms for democracy and the rights of small nations;"—meanwhile, what were the individuals in these several nations doing? How much herd-stamping, psychical coercion, unhealthy fear, mass suggestion, lack of judgment, boredom, stupidity, personal ambition or desire for adventure was there among individuals, and how much sheer indiffer-

ence, while the "nation" was thus nobly making up "its mind"?

Surely in a world with many clouds and many drops of rain, the writer who is obliged within a hundred pages to sum up the motives of whole races during entire centuries needs a desperate shorthand. And so it comes that motives are most frequently judged by the results. Magdeburg is "ruthlessly" burned by General Tilly, who is compelled by necessity to commit the outrage against his will and to his own military disadvantage; yet he will go down in most of history as a vandal for it. Louis XIV is compelled to fight wars of aggression to prevent revolutions at home, and because these wars bring him more land and power, he is put down as the wilful aggressor, as is the whole of "France."

Occasionally, even the historian finds situations which stump him for an explanation that will fit both "the reality" and the notion of reason and justice in things. Then there is nothing to do but ascribe the beastly mess to an unknown "higher law." The side which seemed to be in the right lost the war; well, it's because life is like that. And why is life like that? Because we find that life has shown itself, in this event, to be that way. Amen!

THE ETHICS OF SUCCESS

It is to the historian, in fact, that we owe the ethics of "might is right."

If, as the historians profess, history both corresponds to reality and finds reason or sense in it, then there is no escape from the ethics of Success. *History itself is the record of victorious peoples, peoples that have survived; for the dead do not speak.* The same is true of persons; success quickly teaches the newspapers of Paris to stop denouncing Napoleon as a monster and to praise him emperor; Charles Stuart, of an equal consciencelessness (anyone at all in the role of an acting person must resign his conscience more or less) fails, is beheaded, and becomes a symbol of tyranny instead of the hero he would have been if his designs had carried through.

But the essence of this kind of ethics lies in the fact that you cannot know till *afterwards* whom to praise; the "sense" of history lies not in the events themselves but in the historian's evaluations, all of which are in the nature of *logificatio post festum*. The reason, the sense, the values of history are a purely human construction, a rationalization.

It is inevitable for anyone who accepts the world to find what comfort in it he can; to pretend that he wanted to do what he was forced to do; to find that things as they came out were right. We resemble a draught of animals, who, as the butcher drives them to the slaughter-pen, assure each other heroically that they had decided to follow their imperative duty, to die for the fatherland, to pledge themselves for humanity. If for some reason we escape, then that also is proof of our superiority and our historical value!

If history is both reality and sense, then certainly here are some contradictions to be resolved.

(To Be Continued.)

In Re: William and Mary

Sirs: I read *The New Student* regularly—or rather with the irregular regularity which catches up and keeps the trends and sequences. I nearly always read it with interest because it seems to me to provide the best and the worst of modern student thinking, and, in a way, both are interesting. Often I seem to find them closely bound together there, which is not unnatural, all things considered.

What has set me to thinking is the article in your issue of November 3 on the College of William and Mary and, incidentally, on Williamsburg. I am not a graduate of William and Mary and am in no way connected with it. Nobody in my family is or ever has been. Nobody connected with the college knows that I am writing you this letter. I am not in academic life, although I did my bit for eleven years at one of the best known colleges of the East and of the country; and I know the better colleges and universities in all parts of the country, mainly by visiting them. I may thus perhaps be presumed to have some background for a standard in colleges.

In what I am saying I merely represent, unasked, the many people who have watched William and Mary get under its tremendous load of turning an almost extinct college into a powerful instrument for good for the young people of Virginia. I am holding no brief for the details of its getting under way. I should have done it differently at some points, if I had been an educational engineer! I think so, anyhow, at this distance from responsibility. Some handicaps inevitably exist at present because of the real youth of the college in its modern form, but equally, because of the pressure being put upon it to satisfy the interest for education which it has helped to create in rural Virginia. Perhaps it might wisely have gone more slowly. I do not know; but if it had, many of the young people whom it is now receiving would have lacked their opportunity. Getting a college of more than six hundred students on its feet in a few years is no easy task; and it is one which, at William and Mary, is by no means finished. The Tyler Annex is an illustration of that situation.

Now as to details in the article, many of which seem trivial and unworthy of *The New Student*. Why should Williamsburg not be hot in the middle of June; indeed, why come South at all to study if one objects to heat and, above all, why blame William and Mary for one's coming or for the heat!

Why not scold Harvard about releasing graduate students who cannot lift their eyes from the sheets, when they are reading their own creative efforts, and why deny girls at William and Mary the privilege of doing their laundry in college bath rooms, when fully seventy-five percent of the women in the world and a still larger percentage of women students—often unwisely I think—are doing the same thing, in whatever bath room they can command and to whatever extent seems to them necessary?

Then the flies and the unscreened windows. I object to flies as much as anyone and I have done no window research in the tendency of colleges to have screens in class room buildings, but I have the strong impression from my much college visiting that not one in fifty has them, and I submit that it is unfair to require William and Mary to be the one out of fifty. Granting too that William and Mary should have this defect remedied at once, how many individual students in other colleges have felt, or in any case obeyed, the urge to provide the college with window screens and similar equipment?

I am puzzled too when I read first that nobody cared at all at William and Mary about learning, and that "the principal aim of life was to avoid trouble", and yet am told later on that each night every classroom was occupied "by an earnest student reciting his lesson to an empty room". Now I know Williamsburg heat well enough to wonder why the aimless and unaspiring should torture themselves with the heat of electric lights on those withering July and August nights for any superficial reason? I wonder how anyone lacking omniscience can know that eagerness for growth, however expressed, was less behind those student efforts than behind evidences much more comfortably given in larger and cooler centers of learning. I wonder, too, whether the seersucker suits aren't in their way as convincing a proof of student earnestness as the gobs

and middies provide the scanty costumes of many men students at our cosmopolitan universities?

I am inclined to agree that there may be less of stimulating student talk at William and Mary than in older and more cosmopolitan colleges; for aside from the youth of the actual college of William and Mary today, approximately ninety-five percent of its students are from Virginia and a large proportion of these from the rural districts, so that the student body misses almost entirely the values of the cosmopolitan contacts which students in most of the larger Eastern colleges secure from association with one another, coming as they do from all sections of the country. Many of the students are from families of small means; some from those without a tradition of culture. But both of these last two facts are characteristic of almost any college. When William and Mary has fully set its house in order for its own Virginia students it can begin to do away with whatever provincialism exists among them by preparing to draw more from a distance but, in my judgment, it is wise in not pushing the effort at present.

And that point about the "poor white" is sheer ignorance. Any college or university has a much more miscellaneous attendance in the summer than in the winter, and William and Mary, like the rest, has all the year round her quota of students from very simple country homes; indeed I think she has somewhat more of these than the rest, if one must measure social caste even in the columns of *The New Student*. But no one who knows student groups from different sections of the country, especially the summer groups, would be afraid to match the social background and social amenities of the William and Mary student body with those of equally small and equally young colleges in many parts of the country.

In confess I am puzzled about a thing or two more which I should, perhaps, understand. Where does that undernourished woman who stopped teaching Latin with Cicero belong, grammatically and geographically, and how did she get into this article, if neither the College of William and Mary nor the town of Williamsburg must take responsibility for her? I have a conviction that the writer did not intend to foist her upon either but her *locale*, whether in sense and space is hazy in my mind, and I feel uncomfortable about her. Also, why did the boys in striped seersucker—not to mention the many whose dress compares favorably with that of undergraduates in other colleges—come to college at all, if they hated modernity?

But the point is not in any or all of these details, except as they indicate a persistent attitude which sweeps everything into its net. The real point is that the writer of the article, seeing William and Mary in its newly awakened life, looked only to its lowest level, falling into the sin of that very Harvard student so roundly censured, and keeping her eyes on the ground even as he so culpably kept his on his manuscript. If she had lifted her eyes, she would have seen a college still in its growing pains, but already one of the great benefactors of Virginia youth, and destined to work out in Virginia, in time, a new conception of the purpose of a college. Yours, etc.

O. LATHAM HATCHER.

There having been no opportunity to submit Mr. Hatcher's letter to Miss Speer for a reply before we went to press, the editor regretfully makes answer only for *The New Student* and not for the author.

We are very thankful to Mr. Hatcher for the information and the viewpoint which he brings to bear on the topic of the College of William and Mary. With respect to the article, "A Momentary Stir," however, we believe that he is under a misapprehension. Everything in it he assigns to the motive of *praise or blame*. At every point he sees the author as wishing to engage in praise or blame of the institution, mostly blame; and operating on this assumption he leads her into absurdities which we don't believe lay in the article. Why, indeed, should the College of William and Mary be blamed for heat or flies, or for the poor teacher of Cicero?

The editor, reading the manuscript, saw something entirely different: the vivid description of a tough set of circumstances, with the College of William and Mary, or at least its faculty, rather in the position of the hero against fate.—Ed.

Jefferson at College

(Continued from page 4)

tions about himself and stimulates conjecture—*caret quia vate sacro*.

The second of the company was a lawyer named George Wythe, subsequently Chancellor of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and law-tutor of John Marshall and Henry Clay. Self-educated, except perhaps for Latin, he was said to be the best Greek scholar in the colony. He had some of the eccentricities common to vigorous self-trained minds. In his later years, for example, he peppered his decisions with Greek, to the bitter distress of copyists; and, again, disgusted with the slow progress of measures for the general abolition of slavery, he suddenly freed all his slaves at a stroke, apparently without any question whether they would fare better or worse for the change. His integrity was high and fine, and he was equally eminent in his profession and in the esteem of colonial society.

Third in the group was the Governor of the colony, Francis Fauquier, a remarkable exception to the general run of British proconsular officers. He was the most accomplished person that Virginia had ever seen, a cultivated man of the world, with every distinction and charm of manner; an excellent musician and linguist, a discerning traveller who had sampled civilized society almost everywhere in Europe. A strange passion for gambling had stood in his way. The tradition is that having gambled away all his property at a sitting, he was glad to get the appointment to Virginia to keep himself going. He spread the contagion of his failing among the Virginian landed gentry; but otherwise he was singularly scrupulous in private and public life, and his sympathies were largely with the colonists in their growing restlessness under the blind voracity of British mercantilism.

These men who found themselves marooned in the uncongenial life of Williamsburg, were well on towards middle age. Governor Fauquier was fifty-six, Mr. Wythe was thirty-four.

Dr. William Small's age is not known, but there is probably some ground for thinking he would be rather over than under forty-five. The fourth member of the group was a boy of seventeen, who had entered college early in the year. He was tall and loose-jointed, with hazel-grey eyes and sandy hair, an extremely thin skin that peeled on exposure to sun or wind, stout wrists, large hands and feet. His name was Thomas Jefferson.



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